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## Miscellanies.

### ROGER WILLIAMS AND WILLIAM PENN.

[The subjoined extract is from the able and eloquent Address delivered before the New-York Historical Society, in 1818, by Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck; reprinted in his lately published volume of "Discourses and Addresses on subjects of American History, Arts and Literature."]

The glory of having first set an example of a practical and extensive system of religious freedom, was reserved for America; and the first legislator who fully recognised the rights of conscience, was Roger Williams, a man less illustrious than it deserves to be; for although his eccentricities of conduct and opinion, may sometimes provoke a smile, he was a man of genius and of virtue, of admirable firmness, courage, and disinterestedness, and of unbounded benevolence.

He was a native of Wales, and emigrated to New-England, in 1630. He was then a young man, of austere life and popular manners, full of reading, skilled in controversy, and gifted with a rapid, copious, and vehement eloquence. The writers of those days represent him as being full of turbulent and singular opinions, "and the whole country," saith the quaint Cotton Mather, "was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a wind-mill in the head of this one man." The heresy which appeared most grievous to his brethren, was his zeal for unqualified religious liberty.—In the warmth of his charity, he contended for "freedom of conscience, even to Papists and Arminians, with security of civil peace to all," a doctrine which filled the Massachusetts clergy with horror and alarm. "He violently urged," says Cotton Mather, "that the civil magistrate might not punish breaches of the first table of the commandments; which utterly took away from the authority, all capacity to prevent the land which they had purchased on purpose for a recess from such things, from becoming such a sink of abominations as would have been the reproach and ruin of Christianity in these parts of the world."

In addition to these most "disturbant and offensive doctrines," Mather charges him with preaching against the Royal charter of the colony, "on an insignificant pretence of wrong therein, done unto the Indians." To his fervent zeal for liberty of opinion, this singular man united an equal degree of tenacity to every article of his own narrow creed. He objected to the custom of returning thanks after meat, as, in some manner, involving a corruption of primitive and pure worship; he refused to join any of the churches in Boston, unless they would first make a public and solemn declaration of their repentance for having communed with the Church of England; and when his doctrines of religious liberty were condemned by the clergy, he wrote to his own church at Salem, "that if they would not separate as well from the churches of New-England as of Old, he would separate from them."

All his peculiar opinions, whether true or erroneous, were alike offensive to his puritan brethren, and controversy soon waxed warm. Some logicians, more tolerant or politic than the rest, attempted to reconcile the disputants by a whimsical, and not very intelligible sophism. They approved not, said they, of persecuting men for conscience' sake, but solely of correcting them for sinning against conscience; and so not persecuting, but punishing heretics. Williams was not a man who could be imposed upon by words, or intimidated by threats; and he accordingly persevered in inculcating his doctrines, publicly and vehemently. The clergy, after having endeavored in vain to shake him by argument and remonstrance, at last determined to call in the aid of the civil authority; and the General Court, after due consideration of the case, passed sentence of banishment upon him, or, as they phrased it, "ordered his removal out of the jurisdiction of the court." Some of the men in power had determined that he should be sent to England; but, when they sent to take him, they found that, with his usual spirit of resolute independence, he had already departed, no one knew whither, accompanied by a few of his people, who, to use their own language, had gone with their beloved pastor "to seek their providences." After some wanderings, he pitched his tent at a place, to which he gave the name of Providence, and there became the founder and legislator of the colony of Rhode-Island. There he continued to rule, sometimes as the governor, and always as the guide and father of the settlement, for forty-eight years, employing himself in acts of kindness to his former enemies, affording relief to the distressed, and offering an asylum to the persecuted. The government of his colony was formed on his favorite principle, that in matters of faith and worship, every citizen should

walk according to the light of his own conscience, without restraint or interference from the civil magistrate. During a visit which Williams made to England, in 1643, for the purpose of procuring a colonial charter, he published a formal and labored vindication of this doctrine, under the title of "The Bloody Tenent, or a Dialogue between Truth and Peace." In this work, which was written with his usual boldness and decision, he anticipated most of the arguments, which, fifty years after, attracted so much attention, when they were brought forward by Locke. His own conduct in power, was in perfect accordance with his speculative opinions; and when, in his old age, the order of his little community was disturbed by an irruption of Quaker preachers, he combated them only in pamphlets and public disputations and contented himself with overwhelming their doctrines with a torrent of learning, invective, syllogisms and puns.

It should also be remembered, to the honor of Roger Williams, that no one of the early colonists, without excepting William Penn himself, equalled him in justice and benevolence towards the Indians. He labored incessantly, and with much success, to enlighten and conciliate them, and by this means acquired a personal influence among them, which he had frequently the enviable satisfaction of exerting in behalf of those who had banished him. It is not the least remarkable or characteristic incident of his varied life, that within one year after his exile, and while he was yet hot with controversy, and indignant at his wrongs, his first interference with the affairs of his former colony was to protect its frontier settlements from an Indian massacre. From that time forward, though he was never permitted to return to Massachusetts, he was frequently employed by the government of that province with negotiations with the Indians, and other business of the highest importance to their interests. Even Cotton Mather, in spite of his steadfast abhorrence of Williams's heresy, seems to have been touched with the magnanimity and kindness of the man, and after having stigmatized him as "the infamous Korah of New-England," he confesses a little reluctantly, that "for the forty years after his exile he acquitted himself so laudably, that many judicious people judged him to have had the root of the matter in him, during the long winter of his retirement."

At the very time that the puritan Roger Williams was thus inculcating his humane and wise doctrine in the eastern colonies, Roman Catholic nobleman, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, was engaged in obtaining a charter and enacting a code of laws for Maryland, on the same liberal principles.

Lord Baltimore had neither the talents nor the eccentricities of Roger Williams, but he was a man of strong sense and great worth. He had passed with reputation through several offices of high political trust and importance, under James I., in 1624, he resigned all his employments on becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. He then projected a colony at Newfoundland, but after visiting his settlement twice, bestowing great expense and labor upon it, and once in person rescuing it from a French invasion, despairing of success, he abandoned his proprietary rights there, and procured a patent for Maryland. After he had visited and explored the country, he died, while he was engaged in making the necessary preparatory arrangements for his undertaking, and before the charter had passed the forms of office; so that there is scarce any historical record of his share in the colonial administration of Maryland. But the little that tradition has preserved respecting him, speaks volumes in his praise. We know that he displayed the most perfect good faith in all his transactions with the natives, and that it was to him that Maryland was indebted for such a liberal code of religious equality, that the province soon became the refuge, not only of the Catholics who fled from Great Britain, but of the Puritans who were driven from Virginia, and of the Quakers exiled from New-England.

His son, the second Lord Baltimore, deserves also to be named with honor, as having inherited the enterprise and the tolerant spirit of his father.

These admirable examples remained without imitation for nearly half a century, until 1682, when William Penn repeated the same experiment on a much greater scale, and laid the foundation of the government of Pennsylvania, with this "grand fundamental," as he termed it, "that every person should enjoy the free profession of his faith, and exercise of worship, in such way as he should in his conscience believe most acceptable."

The resemblance of character between Penn and Roger Williams is striking. Penn, like Williams, was enthusiastic without being bigoted; he had the same benevolence, the same scorn of intellectual slavery, the same love of controversy, and, above all, the same habitual inflexibility of purpose and opinion. But he had mixed more widely in the world, had more experience, and more knowledge of char-

acter, a more bustling activity of disposition, greater skill in the conduct of affairs, and, perhaps, a little more of worldly ambition, as well as much more of worldly wisdom. He appeared, too, on a more magnificent theatre of action, and has left the impress of his own peculiar character very deeply stamped upon the opinions and institutions of England and of America.

Among the most remarkable peculiarities of his mind, was that singular inflexibility of which I have spoken; and he was in the habit of applying it indiscriminately to the noblest and to the most paltry uses. His range of knowledge was extensive; he had looked, with an observant eye, upon many forms of character and modes of life, and he deemed it to be his duty to declare his settled opinion upon every subject which fell in his way, and to take a part in every controversy as soon as it arose.

It mattered nothing, whether the subject was of little importance or of great, he was always stiff in his opinions, bold in his avowal of them, and copious in expounding them, and ingenious in their defense. Yet in spite of these foibles, every ludicrous association is repelled from his character, by the admiration which he excites when we behold him inculcating the purest doctrines of religion with the fervor of an apostle and defending the dearest interests of his country and the most sacred rights of man with an ability, a courage, and a sagacity which would have done honor to Hambden or Algernon Sidney.

He lived in an age of controversy and intolerance, both religious and political, and for a considerable part of his life, he published a polemical tract every month, and was regularly thrown into prison at least once a year. But neither tyranny nor the continual irritation of controversy, could change his steady character; prosperous or unprosperous, in peace or in controversy, in business and in retirement, he was still the same; kind, pure, patient, laborious, fearless, zealous, pious. If his polemic ardor now and then hurried him a little beyond the bounds of his habitual meekness, still his violence was always confined to a few rough words; and it is even worthy of remark, that this occasional intemperance of expression seldom extended much beyond his title-page, and as soon as that slight effervescence was over, he quietly returned to his accustomed calm, clear, and quaint simplicity of style.

It was after a long and rigid discipline of adversity and oppression, when his youthful presumption had subsided, and his enthusiastic zeal had ripened into a wise and practical benevolence, that Penn became the founder of that commonwealth which so gloriously perpetuates his name, his wisdom, and his virtues—a more magnificent and lasting monument than conqueror or despot ever reared.

He arrived in Pennsylvania, in October, 1682. As he was wont, according to the taste of the age and of his sect, to allegorize natural occurrences, he might have found in the soft serenity of the season in which he landed, an apt emblem of those happy and useful days he was to pass in America. The rest of his life, like the other parts of the year in this climate, was vexed with many fierce and sudden varieties of change, but the period of his administration in America, was destined to be, like the American autumn, mild, calm, bright, and abounding in rich fruits.

Here, his genius seemed to expand, as if to fit itself for a grander scene of action; while his benevolence grew warmer and "the sweet quiet of these parts," to use his own beautiful language, "freed from the troublesome and anxious solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woful Europe." In all outward things, he was well satisfied, and he had no desire left, but that of doing good. "The land," said he, "is rich, the air clear and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provisions good and easy to come at; in fine, here is what an Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, would be well contented with; and service enough for God, for the fields are here white for harvest."

The history of man, does not furnish any more interesting scene, nor one calling up finer associations or more generous sympathies, than the first conference of William Penn and his followers, with the savage chiefs; when, to recur again to his own inimitable words, "they met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was taken on either side, but all was openness, brotherhood and love."

Montesquieu, with his usual brilliant and ambitious originality, has styled Penn the modern Lycurgus. Paradoxical as this strange association of names may, at first appear, there is one marked point of resemblance between the Spartan and the Pennsylvanian legislator; widely as they differed in the character of their institutions, and the ultimate ends of their ambition.

It is the peculiar glory of these two, above all the other

legislators of mankind, to have possessed that self-balanced and confident energy of mind, which could enable them to disregard all considerations of temporary expediency and private interest, and to make every part of their system harmonize in perfect unison with those leading principles which were to pervade, animate and govern every portion of the State.

Never was there undertaken a more sublime political enterprise than that of the founder of Pennsylvania. Never was there a legislation so boldly marked with that unity of intention which is the most peculiar and majestic feature of all original conception. His system of virtuous politics was reared upon benevolence, justice, and liberty. With these objects he began, and with these he ended. In an age when, with few exceptions, the sound principles of civil liberty were as little understood by those who clamoured for freedom, as by those who defended the doctrines of arbitrary power, William Penn began his system of virtuous politics, by proclaiming to his people, in words of noble dignity and simplicity, "that the great end of government was to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration—for Liberty without obedience, is confusion; and Obedience without liberty, is slavery."

#### RACONTEURS.

BY LADY MORGAN.

To relate well, requires a minute and clear perception of particulars; which, being strongly impressed on the mind, will be returned with all the truth, force, and illuminated effect, necessary to impress the auditor. Facts often appear too highly colored, when they are but given in the same deep tone in which they were witnessed. Some minds receive their impressions of scenery, character, and incident, as an iron target receives the point of an arrow, which scarcely leaves a trace behind it; while others of more penetrable stuff, take the form of their objects with a depth and sharpness, fully proportionate to the force that stamps it. Between these two classes of intellects, there is little sympathy; and the possessor of the first will consider an exaggeration of truth and nature, the narrative which reflects the ideas of the latter in the full vigor of their original conception.

Denon often told me that the best *raconteur*\* he ever knew, except Voltaire, was Voltaire's disciple, the Marquis de Villette, the husband of *Belle et Bonne*. Ferney was a good school. Every one knows the anecdotes of D'Alembert, Huber, and others, telling stories of robbers *a qui mieux m'aurait*, and Voltaire, when called upon, beginning, in the tone of gossiping old woman—"Messieurs, il y avait une fois un fermier-general—*Ma foi j'ai oublié le reste!*" ("Gentlemen, there was once upon a time a fermier-general—I have forgotten the rest.") Denon told me his last visit to Voltaire was in 1876. He had been detained late at Geneva, and it was near midnight when he arrived at Ferney.—He found the venerable patriarch sitting up to receive him, in that *saloon* now so familiar to every English traveller.—He was in high health and spirits; and after supper the two delightful *raconteurs*, began to narrate—mutually excited, and mutually charmed. It was in vain that Madame Denis frequently came from her bed-room, in night-cap and slippers, to endeavor to get her uncle to bed. Voltaire, with the querulousness of a spoiled school-boy, resisting the similar attempt on the part of his nurse, pushed her away, with—"Mais allez donc—qu'est-ce que ça fait, si je m'amuse?" ("There, there—go away—what does it signify, if I am amused?")

The influence which Denon himself obtained over time, and even sometimes over nature, (for "he could murder sleep," by the exercise of this amusing gift,) was often exemplified upon ourselves, during our various residences at Paris. Denon kept intolerably late hours—we intolerably early ones. After a month of *bals-pares—soirees—reunions—and operas*, we were obliged to give in, and to stay one night at home: and so issued orders accordingly, and sent the servants to bed.—When, lo! as the last lamp was put out, the last ember fading, and we were yawning our way to our bed-room, across the gloomy antechamber of our old hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, a loud ring was heard, the great gate invisibly opening, creaked slowly on its hinges, and the wheels of a cabriolet came rattling over the paved court. Back we ran—lest our chamber lights should shine forth from the windows, and bring up the unseasonable intruder—while *Pierre le frotteur*, putting in his melo-drama-head, asked, interrogatively, "*Madame n'y est pas—n'est-ce pas?*" and then flew to forbid the nocturnal visiter. But it was in vain: he was already in the anti-room—and we heard the voice of Denon, saying, "Go to bed, my good fellow—there, that will do!"—and in he came on the very tip-toe of excitation, humming, "*On revient toujours*," with applicable emphasis. He was all star, ribbon, and the legion of honor; in full dress, both in spirits and person. He had dined with one of the ministers; and had not yet got rid of the fervor of an agreeable party, where he had justified the partiality of Buonaparte, by charming even the *ultras* themselves.

He came to bestow all his brilliancy upon us, as he was

\* The word *raconteur* means simply a *relater*. A good *raconteur* is one who tells a story in the most effective manner.

wont to do on similar occasions; and we were as much bored at the delightful visit, as if it had been all the tediousness of those who know so well how to be tedious: so there we stood, yawning and smiling, with a sort of galvanic contortion, at once to show our courtesy and drowsiness, with each a chamber candlestick in hand, and reiterating, "But we were going to bed, my dear Denon."—I see it," said Denon, and gently taking my candle, he lighted the *bougies* on the table—drew a chair for me near the fire—threw a log on the hearth, and, with petitioning air, solicited "*encore un petit moment.*" "Our husband and ourself," exchanged looks of mutual annoyance, and yawned ostentatiously our unwilling assent; wondering at the influence of the miserable *physique*, or that any state of exhaustion could reduce us to so low an ebb, as not to relish the society of one we loved so well and admired so much.

Denon had that day made me a present of his superb work on Egypt, (the large edition,) and the enormous volume lay upon the ponderous marble table, in the centre of the room, which seemed by its strength to have been built on purpose to receive it. We had been looking over the plates, and Denon took out his pencil and wrote the names of some of the eminent persons whose portraits they contain. Then drawing close to the fire, he put on his *raconteur's* face, and gave us such curious and animated details of his sojourn in Egypt with Buonaparte—of his intimacy with Dessaix, and with others of the *notables* of the expedition, together with the various scenes and circumstances incidental to the enterprise,—that insensibly we became as animated in our questions as he was in his narration.

From Egypt, we got to the funeral of Dessaix on Mount St. Bernard, (a picture worthy of Poussin,) and thence to the German camp-pigs. He described the entrance into Potsdam, etched to the life, like a proof copy of one of his own engravings from Rembrandt or Paul Potter; not a light, not a shade was wanting! and the tones and gestures of the conqueror were given, as if he lived and moved before us. Their visit of Sans Souci, and the flattering interest with which Buonaparte inspected the apartments, where nothing had been changed since their occupation by Frederick the Great, were not left to mere narrative; they were acted to the life: and the plunder of the *armoires* and *secretaires*, were represented in a most robber-like manner. The emperor had the sword of Frederick for his share of the spoils; Denon's booty was equally characteristic—a MS. *brouillon* of the king's poetry, in his royal autograph, with Voltaire's corrections. Under some of the stanzas was written "*digne des meilleurs poètes Français*"; "(Worthy of the best poets of France," and under others the simple corrective criticism of "*fie donc!*" This was what Voltaire called "washing the king's linen."

The sympathy of Napoleon for his wounded soldiers, and his personal attention to them, have been often recorded.—His anxious visits to the field of battle, after the contest was decided—his feeling the pulse and wiping the wounds—his administering cordials with his own hands—are facts well known, which won the love of his army, no less than his prowess. Denon had been with him in one of these pious visitations, and he was so affected by the dreadful spectacle, that it became the nightmare of his dream. He arose with the dawn, and returned to the field, in the hope of rescuing some still living beings from the heaps of dead that strewed it. In the features of an officer, he thought he recognised a friend, and, on examining more minutely, he perceived some tokens of lingering vitality. He endeavored to extricate the body from the dead horse under which it lay; but his strength failed him. There was not a moment to be lost—looking round him for assistance, he observed two men taking their station on an overthrown piece of artillery, coolly surveying the scene, and writing in their tablets. They were easily recognised as the German commissaries of interment. He flew to solicit their assistance; but both replied in unison, "*Monsieur, nous sommes ici pour enterrer les morts.*" "*Bon,*" said Denon, "but you will surely assist me in saving the living?" Without pausing in their melancholy task, they again replied, "*Nous sommes ici uniquement pour enterrer les morts.*" Denon in vain had recourse to persuasion, to bribes, to threats; nothing moved the phlegm of the Germans: they heard him out patiently, and repeated, for the third time, "*Fous êtes un bon Monsieur, mais nous sommes ici pour enterrer les morts.*" ("You are a good gentleman, but our business here is to bury the dead.") This writes flatly; but when told most dramatically, with the impossibility of the German physiognomy, and the guttural German accentuation, it was irresistible; and thus our delightful *raconteur* went on "from grave to gay," with equal pathos and humor, making us laugh and cry, and winding us up and down at pleasure.

In the midst of a most interesting adventure—the scene Venice, the time a moonlight evening, the place a balcony in the palace Benzoni, and the heroine, the beautiful, and well known *Biondina in Gondoletta*,—he paused abruptly, with a hushing movement of his finger, marking emphatically, the deep swing of the clock in the Tuileries striking three. He arose, all confusion and apologies, for having led us into such unseasonable vigils, and was hurrying off, when detained him with, "but finish your story." "*Trois heures bien sonnes,*" ("It has struck three,") replied Denon, already at the door; while I answered in the words of Voltaire,

"*Mais qu'est-ce que ça fait, si je m'amuse?*" "*A la bonne heure,*" said Denon, triumphantly, "I saw on entering that I was a bore; that you had taken your determination, and I took mine; so good morning—I'll finish my story another time;" and with this trick of the tale-teller of the Arabian Nights, he tripped off as *lesté* at seventy as at seventeen—sprang into his cabriolet, and rattled out, as he had rattled in, his horse and driver as much on the alert as himself. The whole thing was French, exclusively French—the *raconteur*, horse, driver, and cabriolet included.

#### MOSAIC ART IN FRANCE.

BY THE SAME.

It is one of the prejudices of the old times, that knowledge is best acquired in dun closets and dusty libraries; and that reflection is aided by sitting still. But since intellect has been taught to step out, and to march in search of conquests, (like other victors of the day,) we have learned that the great book, which one must run to read, contains more curious facts, and affords more matter for thought, than all the folios that were ever imprisoned in the Vatican, or were chained to their shelves in the Laurentine library. When somebody asked Madame de Staél how, living so little in retirement, she could write so much, she answered with vivacity, "*Eh! vous ne compliez pas sur ma chaise à porteur.*" ("You do not take into count, my sedan-chair.") In my own poor instance, though nature has given me a pretty strong instinct towards the arts, the little acquirements I have made on the divine subject, have been obtained while running about the world, and gossiping with the great artists of the day—in the salons of fashion, and in their more interesting work-rooms, as it happened. It was my lucky chance to have assisted at the packing-up of the great pictures of the Pope, and his Cardinal secretary, in the Quirinal, chatting to the admirable artist,\* who has so recently bequeathed those works to posterity, which cannot compensate to his contemporaries for the loss of his personal intimacy. It was my proud privilege to be permitted to frequent the Studio of Canova, while he worked at his last beautiful production; to look over the shoulder of Raphael Morghen while he engraved his favorite *Laura*; to have rummaged among the splendid designs of Gerard, and the port-folios of Lefevre, as I pleased; and to have extorted from them all, opinions or sentiments on the arts of which they were such masters—opinions which all the books that ever were written on their theories could not bestow. It was in running about Paris, with Denon in his cabriolet, from one curiosity-shop to another, that I imbibed much of that love for modern antiquities, which has proved to me a source of so much amusement, when other sources were exhausted; and it was in driving from the Palais de Justice to the Rue des Tournelles, that I acquired more information on the art of mosaic, than I ever dreamed of knowing; and that I learned, that an attempt to revive it, had been made in France. I had heard, indeed, that the pupils of that excellent and beneficent institution, "*les sourds et muets*," had produced some specimens of mosaic which promised to open a profitable and charming resource to those children of misfortune; but I was quite ignorant of the existence of an especial school, until Signore Barberi informed me that such a one had been founded under Napoleon, by Belloni, a celebrated Italian artist, long before a similar establishment was commenced at Milan, under the protection of the viceroy Beauharnois, or rather, by the vice-president of the Italian republic, Melzi.

The remains of early mosaic floorings, of Roman fabric, which have been preserved, in various degrees of perfection, are of two colors only—black and white. It was not till the times of the Emperors, that artificial stones of various colors were fabricated, for the purposes of the mosaicist. The Greeks of Constantinople revived and carried the art to a considerable degree of perfection, applying it to the ornamenting their churches. It has thus been the means of preserving copies of Greek pictures, which, as monuments of art, supply a gap in the history of painting. The church of St. Mark, at Venice, the work of Greek artists, is a well known specimen of this stage in the progress of mosaic.—Under the patronage of the Medici family, mosaic became permanently attached to the service of the fine arts, and was dedicated to the conservation of the works of Raphael, Domenichino, Guido, &c. &c. The *Studio di San Pietro*, at Rome, (an establishment unique in the world,) has acquired eternal fame by the splendid copies of the productions of the great Italian painters, which ornament the church of the Vatican. Several chemists have largely contributed to the excellence of these works, by the invention of brilliant and varied colors. Of these men of science, Mattioli was the most eminent and successful. It is not more than forty years since the attempt was first made to fabricate artificial stones of a size and form adapted to the composition of small pieces. These stones, called by the Italians *smalli filati*, were soon carried to a perfection which has rendered miniature mosaics of great beauty, common ornament of the cabinets and toilettes of Europe. Among the Roman artists, who have contributed to this result, Gioachino Barberi excels in the representation of animals; Antonia de Angelis was famous for landscape; Giacinto Cola, and Nicola Angeletti, were remarkable for the lightness and elegance of their plumage;

\*Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Depoletti for figures; Poggioli and Salandri for flowers; and Verdei for small portraits. In the monumental department, Castellini and Cocchi have distinguished themselves, by executing the larger part of Cammuccini's "St. Thomas," for the Vatican. Ciuli, who is not of the establishment of the studio, has produced two colossal heads, in the antique mosaic, employing only natural stones, collected in the neighborhood of Rome. Giacomo Raffelli, who was brought to Milan by Melzi, for the purpose of founding there his establishment, executed for Eugene Beauharnois his famous copy of the Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci, of large dimensions. This splendid work, which is destined to perpetuate the memory of a picture fast falling to decay, is at present numbered among the curiosities of Vienna. The artist has since returned to Rome, the Austrian government finding the maintenance of the Milanese school too costly for its economical views.

Although Belloni has founded a school of mosaic at Paris by order of the French government, considerably before the establishment at Milan, he had not the same good fortune as his colleague. No great works were bespoken, the enterprise languished, and the only productions of his establishment which have fixed public attention, are the two parquets, that are to be seen at the Louvre. The "souds et mutes," have not, I understand, afforded a single pupil to the mosaic school of Paris.

Following up the invention of the *smalti filati*, Signor Michael-Angelo Barberi, assisted by Giuseppe Mattia, has discovered a method of forming, with the blow-pipe, tints and gradations of the most delicate colors, such as will not resist the heat of a furnace. By the application of this invention to large pictures, a new degree of perfection has been given to the art; and to this circumstance, Signore Barberi is indebted for the finish and beauty of his "Triumph of Love," which is in the museum of Petersburg, and of his copy of Gerard's portrait of the emperor Alexander.

For the cultivation of the monumental department of mosaic, the protection of a vain-glorious government is essential; the slowness of the operation, and its expense, rendering it scarcely possible for the artist to conduct a great work to its conclusion, by his own unassisted efforts. For this reason, Paris seems especially suited for the site of a school. The same taste and policy which have led to the establishment of the Gobelins, and to the encouragement of enamel painting by the French authorities, if applied to the mosaic establishment, will develop its resources, open a new career to genius, and a new source of glory and emolument to the nation; while it perpetuates the memory of the great masters, and confers a lasting benefit on the remotest posterity. To call the public attention to his art is a laudable ambition, which has contributed to fix the residence of Signore Barberi in the French capital. Ardent, talented, and animated by a glowing enthusiasm for his profession, it is probable that he will ultimately gain his point. But at the present moment, the times are too uncertain, and the destinies of the nation too unsettled, to hope for immediate success.

*From the "Military Career of John Shipp."*

**SCENES IN THE CAMP.**—An Irish soldier once waited on his commanding officer with what he termed a very serious complaint: "Another man, he said, mentioning his name, had upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many bad names besides, which he should be ashamed to mention to his Honor."

**Colonel.**—"Well, my good fellow, have you any proof that you are legally married?"

**Soldier.**—"Faith, your Honor, I have the best proof in the world." Here he took off his hat, or rather cap, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your Honor think I'd be after taking the same abuse from any body but a wife?"

**Colonel.**—"Indeed, I should imagine not; but have you no marriage certificate?"

**Soldier.**—"None, your Honor, except the one on my head. Do n't your Honor think I am married?"

**Colonel.**—"I never saw more positive proof of any fact in my life; and, if the man dares again to say that you are not, I will punish him."

"Thank your Honor," said Paddy, and off he marched, perfectly satisfied, leaving the Colonel and his friends to laugh heartily at the irrefragable proof that had been submitted to them, of the fact of the poor fellow's being legally noosed.

On another occasion, I happened to be in the adjutant's office, when a sergeant entered, for the purpose of reporting another man of stripes, for speaking disrespectfully of himself, and reducing his wife's character in the barracks, by "calling her bad names."

"What names did he call her?" said the adjutant.

"Faith, your Honor, I would not make such a big baist of myself before any gentleman as to repute them; but the worst name he called her was that she was a drunken blackguard, and never sober besides. Now, your Honor, my wife never gets so right down drunk, but she can always stand upright without tumbling; and when she does take a drop of the cratur, she never says a word to nobody, but lies quiet in her bed till she gets sober again."

"Well, well, sergeant," replied the adjutant, "if your wife

will be so imprudent as to get drunk in the barracks, she must expect men will make ill-natured remarks upon her, and I cannot interfere; but, if you will manage to keep your wife from drinking, I will punish any man who may molest her: as long as she forgets herself, men will talk."

"It's a hard case, too, your Honor," rejoined the persevering sergeant, "that we cannot take a drop of comfort together, without the ill-natured remarks of the men, about her parentage and hedication, and her family abstraction. She is of as good a family as any in the town of Mayhoe.—Sure, her father, who was a trumpeter, made a great big noise during the Irish rebellion; and she had three own brothers by the same mother, but not the same father; that were drummers in the same regiment with their father. Indeed, she is from a genteel family, your Honor, and cannot put up with the language of those foul-mouthed savages in the barracks."

Much more would he have said; but, finding the adjutant inflexible, he went off, muttering to himself, and by no means pleased with the reception he had met with.

Some years ago, at the station of Meerutt, in the East Indies, as I was passing the barracks of the fifty-third Regiment, late one evening, I heard a man and his rib at high words.

"But the powers, Judy, if you do n't be after holding your tongue, but I'll stop your gab, so I will."

"You, you spalpeen! Arrah! do you think to frighten me, who have been campaigning it these forty years, and travelled through all the countries in Europe, besides Spain and France? Fait, you may as well attempt to frighten a milestone as me; therefore, none of your blarney: sure, it would have been better for me to have been blind the first day I saw you. Och! Judy has made a pretty bargain for herself: after all her service, to have such a husband!"

"Faith, honey, I wish the first time I saw your ugly mug, I had been hanged; it would have been much more genteel than to be humbugged by a female woman; and, only I do n't like to strike one of the softer six, bad luck to me if I would not hate you as black as indigo: therefore, will you be after going for the liquor?"

"The divel a toe, Paddy—the divel a toe, my dear honey; do n't think to come the old soldier over me: one who has roughed it winter and summer, day and night, hail and snow, thunder and lightning, fire and water, smoke and dust; it won't fit, Paddy."

"Fait, Judy, you have seen a little service, joy; and it's a great shame you have n't got a mighty big pinson for your loyalty to your country,—for gin-drinking, rum-tipping, whiskey-stealing, husband-scolding, dead-robbing."

"By the powers, you villain, if you dare be after saying I rob the dead,—I, Judy O'Gum, all the way from Donoughmore, and who have followed the soldiers from my very cradle,—I will batte your head as flat as your sense. Och! you tafe, do you mane to cast a slur upon me, who have gone through the toils of a hundred campaigns?"

"Fait, you followed the soldiers,—because why, Judy?—Sure, honey, I know all about you: dogs and girls always follow the soldiers."

"Say that again, and I'll split your ugly mug with this stick."

"Put a finger on me, Judy, and by my conscience, but I'll give you what you never had before in your life,—a great big biting."

"Och, then, Pat, here goes, if I die."

Upon this, she rushed at him with the fury of a tigress; and poor Pat had enough to do to parry and guard, to keep off her well-aimed blows. At last, she tumbled, exhausted by her own efforts, when Pat triumphantly exclaimed, "By St. Patrick! there lays three yards of bad stuff."

"It's a lie, Pat, it's a lie; the divel a bit of better stuff in the whole regiment. Fait, Pat, I am not done yet; only let me get up, and I'll show you that I am blood to the back bone;" but Pat, convinced that his last imputation against his rib was false, kept her down, her hands and feet going at the rate of double-quick, accompanied by a volley of epithets not exactly adapted for ears polite.

Thus went on the scuffle, till I thought a timely interference might prevent worse consequences; but scarcely had I told the man to desist, than the woman turned her abuse upon me, called me every thing but a gentleman, and asked what business was it to me, if a man chose to hate his wife? "Oh," said I, "certainly not; it is no affair of mine; therefore do n't let me interfere in your domestic avocations;" and off I marched, reflecting on the delectable pleasures of matrimony.

*From Lee's Memoirs.*

**SINGULAR STRATAGEM.**—While the allied army was engaged before Savannah, Col. John White, of the Georgia line, conceived and executed an extraordinary enterprize.—Captain French, with a small party of the British regulars, was stationed on the Ogeechee river, about twenty-five miles from Savannah. At the same place, lay five British vessels, of which four were armed, the largest mounting fourteen guns. White having with him only Captain Ethlon and three soldiers, kindled many fires; the illumination of which was discernible at the British station, exhibiting by the manner of ranging them the plan of a camp. To this stratagem he added another; he and four comrades, imitating the man-

ner of the staff, rode with haste in various directions, giving orders with a loud voice. French became satisfied that a large body of the enemy were upon him; and on being summoned by White, he surrendered (1st of October) his detachment, the crews of the five vessels, forty in number, with the vessels, and one hundred and thirty stand of arms.

Col. White having succeeded, he pretended that he must keep back his troops, lest their animosity, already stilled by his great exertion, should break out, and indiscriminate slaughter take place, in defiance of his authority; and that, therefore, he would commit his prisoners to three guides, who would conduct them safely to good quarters. This humane attention on the part of White, was thankfully received. He immediately ordered three of his attendants to proceed with the prisoners, who moved off with celerity, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's corps, believed to be near at hand, might break out, much disposed as he himself was to restrain it. White, with the soldier retained by him, repaired, as he announced to his guides and prisoners, to his troops, for the purpose of proceeding in their rear. He now employed himself in collecting the neighboring militia, with whom he overtook his guides, their charge safe and happy in the good treatment experienced.

This extraordinary address of White, was contrasted with the extraordinary folly of French; and both were necessary to produce the wonderful issue. The affair approaches too near the marvellous, to have been admitted into these Memoirs, had it not been uniformly asserted, as uniformly accredited, and never contradicted.

**WONDERS OF LITTLENESSES.**—Pliny and Aelian relate, that Myrmecides wrought out of ivory, a chariot with four wheels and four horses, and a ship with all her tackling, both in so small a compass, that a bee could hide either with its wings. Nor should we doubt this, when we find it recorded in our own domestic history, on less questionable authority, that in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a blacksmith of London, of the name of Mark Scaliot, made a lock of iron, steel, and brass, of eleven pieces, and a pipe key, all of which, only weighed one grain. Scaliot also made a chain of gold, of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key, and put it round the neck of a flea, which drew the whole with perfect ease. The chain, key, lock, and flea, together weighed but one grain and a half!

Hadrian Junius, saw at Mechlin, in Brabant, a cherry-stone cut into the form of a basket: in it were fourteen dice distinct, the spots and numbers of which were easily to be discerned with a good eye.

But still more extraordinary than this basket of dice, or any thing we have yet mentioned, must have been a set of turnery shown at Rome, in the time of Pope Paul the fifth, by one Shad of Mitelbrach, who had purchased it from the artist, Oswaldus Northingerus. It consisted of sixteen hundred dishes, which were all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small and slender, that the whole could be easily enclosed in a case fabricated out of a peppercorn of the ordinary size! The pope is said to have himself counted them, but with the help of a pair of spectacles, for they were so very small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. Although his Holiness thus satisfied his own eyes of the fact, he did not, we are assured, require of those about him to subscribe to it on the credit of his infallibility; for he gave every one an opportunity of examining and judging for himself, and among the persons thus highly favored, particular reference is made to Gaspar Schioppus, and Johannes Faber, a physician of Rome.

Turrianus, of whose skill so many wonderful things are related, is said to have fabricated iron mills, which moved of themselves, so minutely in size, that a monk could carry one in his sleeve; and yet powerful enough to grind in a single day, grain enough for the consumption of eight men.

In penmanship, the productions of this class have been very numerous, and some of them not a little extraordinary. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as Dr. Heylin, in his life of King Charles, relates, "there was one who wrote the ten commandments, the creed, the pater noster, the queen's name, and the year of our Lord, within the compass of a penny; and gave her majesty a pair of spectacles, of such an artificial making, that by the help thereof, she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter."

A gentleman in Liverpool, has written the whole of Mr. Roscoe's poem of "Mount Pleasant," in a square of three inches and one sixth, by two inches and seven sixteenths; Goldsmith's poem of "The Traveller," (four hundred and eighty-eight lines) in a square of three inches and a half; the book of the Prophet Malachi, in a kind of pyramid, not exceeding an ordinary little finger in bulk; and the Lord's Prayer, in the circle of three sixteenths of an inch, which may be distinctly read with a magnifying glass, and by some without that help.—*Eng. Mag.*

It is related of Dr. South, that he once heard a clergyman preach one of his own published sermons, and after the service, asked him how long it had taken him to compose it.—"A week," was the reply. "It cost me three," rejoined the Doctor.

We have nothing that we can properly call our own, but what we have reason to be ashamed of.

**Editor's Correspondence.***For the Literary Journal.*

[The substance of the following narrative was given, several years ago, as a contribution to a periodical work. It has now been revised and in part re-written, by the author, for insertion here.]

**THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.**

About the middle of the last century, a solitary traveller alighted, one evening, at the door of a small inn, situated on a cross road, in one of the interior towns of Massachusetts. Being a stranger, and finding that he must ride several miles, in order to reach any other house of public entertainment, he had determined to pass the night beneath its roof.

On his approach, he had been struck with the peculiar appearance of the house. It was a steep-roofed two-story building: at one end, rose a heavy white-washed chimney; each side of which, near the top, displayed the figure of a heart, in sunken brick work. Two high, dormant windows on the roof, were filled with small diamond shaped panes; and those in the body of the house, which commanded a view of the road, and from the disproportioned size of their sashes, resembled the grates of a prison, were almost covered by an enormous woodbine which had spread over nearly the whole of its front.

On entering the house, he found that every thing within bore an appearance of unusual joy and festivity. The principal apartment was filled with groups of individuals of both sexes: and he was soon informed that the friends and relatives of the family had assembled to celebrate the wedding of the landlord's daughter. Our traveller was soon perfectly at home among the company; and in the course of the evening, after having amused himself with the younger part of their number, strolled into the bar-room in the rear of the house, which was occupied by a sedate circle of smokers, who were telling marvellous, long stories of old times and the Indian wars.

The time passed rapidly away. The night was cold and dark: and the wind, which had been gradually rising, as it came with sudden and heavy blasts against the old casements, and whistled through the bare orchard trees with which the house was almost surrounded, formed a strong contrast with the hilarity within.

"A capital night this would be, to sleep in the barber's chamber, landlord," said one of the company, as mine host entered the room. "If this weather holds, the old fellow will be crying out for work, before morning."

This remark was as unintelligible to the stranger, as it is to our readers. It was however uttered with an air of so much gravity, that he requested the speaker to explain its meaning, which was readily done. It appeared that ever since the house had been occupied by its present tenants, they had been occasionally alarmed by some mysterious noises in one of its apartments. Conjecture had long been excited, in vain endeavors to discover the cause of the disturbance, which was now generally ascribed to a supernatural agency: and as none had, for a long time, ventured to sleep in the room, it was never used, and but seldom entered by any of the family.

The various reports concerning the nocturnal disturbances, however contradictory they might be in many particulars, all agreed in one curious circumstance: namely, that among the other unaccountable noises which had been heard by every one who had slept in this chamber, one question, was always repeated in an audible voice, by its mysterious and invisible occupant: and that this, though uttered in a great variety of tones, was always in the same words—"do you want to be shaved?"

Our traveller found that this strange story was generally believed in the neighborhood, and that, ludicrous as were the words of the interrogation, when considered as coming from the lips of an invisible being, the manner in which they were generally accounted for, was not less ludicrous. The house, previous to its coming into the possession of its present owner, had been occupied by a family, who now resided in a distant part of the country; and it was believed, that a traveller, supposed to have been a barber, had been robbed and murdered, while sleeping in that apartment.

But whatever might be the cause, it was universally

agreed, that no one who had dared to pass a night in the room, had escaped hearing the mysterious question: and that on a dark and windy night, the spirit was unusually noisy and vociferous.

The stranger at first treated the whole matter as a piece of ridiculous folly; but in vain. He then attempted by reasoning, to convince his auditors, of the impossibility of its truth; but to no purpose. At length vexed at the coolness and incredulity with which his arguments were met, and impelled by a determination to ascertain the truth, he volunteered to pass the night in the haunted apartment.

This offer was not heard without surprise; and so great was the sensation which it produced, that several of the company resolved to remain, and wait the event. A card party was accordingly formed in the bar-room; and a bed having been hastily prepared in the chamber, our hero retired, to meet the issue of his strange adventure.

After standing for a moment within the door, listening to the receding steps of the landlord, he proceeded to examine the apartment. It had but one door, through which he had entered; and contained no furniture except the bed and a single chair.

Although not wholly exempt from superstitious feelings, he could not but believe that the mysterious sounds, if any such had really been heard, were caused by human agency; and was resolved not to abandon his post without conviction to the contrary. "Against earthly visitants," said he, drawing forth a small case of pistols, and placing them upon the chair; "here is my protection: and from any others I have not much to fear."

He placed his light upon the hearth, and threw himself upon the bed; but in vain did he endeavor to compose himself to sleep. The striking of a clock below, told that an hour had passed since he had entered the room. He had now time to reflect upon the circumstances which were said to attend the visits of the unearthly being; and was disposed to smile at the idea of a spirit, employed in making so ridiculous an inquiry as the one in question; when he was suddenly aroused by a low groan: and the words, "do you—want to be—shaved?" in a low and distinct, but hollow and unearthly voice, apparently close by his side. He raised his head to listen, and the strange interrogation was immediately repeated in a quick and imperative tone. He rose, and searched every corner of the room; but could discover no clue to the mystery. He was certain, that no one could have gained an entrance without his knowledge; and that the voice could have come from without, he believed to be impossible.

A burst of laughter from the party below, now met his ear, and there was something in the sound which tended to calm the agitation of his mind. He drew the chair which held his pistols, nearer to the bed. All was now again silent, except the occasional heavy, monotonous creaking of the old sign at the corner of the house: but he could not sleep, even if he had been so disposed. Another hour at length had passed; but never before had an hour appeared so long. At length, wearied with watching, he was gradually sinking into that state of imperfect slumber, which the slightest sound or motion is sufficient to dispel; when a rapid, heavy gust of wind rumbled in the chimney, and he was startled by a terrific scream at the window, apparently extorted from a sufferer by extreme agony. He sprang upon his feet, and grasped his pistols. "Who is there?—speak!—ghost or devil, who are you?"—"Do—you—want—to be—shaved?" replied the voice, in a low tone of derision; and, quick as thought, the words were succeeded by another and more piercing scream.

He ran to the window, from whence the sound now evidently came: threw it open; and the whole mystery was at once explained. A tall, old fruit tree stood by the side of the house: so neat, that one of its decayed branches rested against the window; and when the wind blew strongly from particular direction, it caused a sudden friction against the glass, producing a quick succession of sharp grating sounds, which were easily converted to the words of the curious interrogatory, by any person who had entered, with an imagination previously excited, by the expectation of hearing them uttered.

Our hero was determined that the adventure should not end here. Having snapped the branch from the tree, and thrown it upon the ground, he trimmed his light, and ascended

in silence to the garret of the house. He there found an old coat, profusely garnished with immense plated buttons, which had probably formed part of the wardrobe of the landlord's great-grandfather. He next discovered the remains of an antedeluvian wig, and an enormous broad brimmed hat. Hastily equipped in these, he proceeded to explore a collection of lumber which was scattered and heaped around the chimney; and among a parcel of old saddles, shoes, condemned cradles, broken kettles, and bundles of herbs, tied up in old newspapers, he at length found a worn-out paint brush and a huge pewter porringer. Thus prepared, he silently descended to the party in the bar-room. Suddenly throwing open the door, and holding forth his utensils, "Do you want to be shaved?" struck the ears of his astonished auditors. Each gave a single glance at the figure, but not one waited for a repetition of the dreadful question. In the twinkling of an eye, every seat was vacated. Not one dared approach the door where the terrific figure stood, silent and immovable. The windows were thrown open, and one after another, the terrified company vanished, each holding the sash above his head, to prevent its falling, as he passed under it. The glass soon began to rattle upon the floor, and the casements were shattered in the uproar: and when the room was completely emptied, scarcely a single pane remained unbroken.

A sum of money which had been staked on the issue of the game, still lay on the table. This the spectre hastily collected; and having deposited it in his ghostly shaving-dish, again ascended to the chamber.

At length one of the fugitives ventured to approach and reconnoitre the apartment. The apparition had vanished; but sometime elapsed before the remainder could be prevailed on to return, and peace was restored to the house.

The next morning, at breakfast, the events of the night were fully related and explained. The money was produced, and by an unanimous vote, appropriated to defray the expense of repairing the broken windows. The stranger, soon after, took his leave; thenceforward, no one met with any disturbance in the Haunted Chamber.

*For the Literary Journal.***L O R D B R O U G H A M.**

Great minds are common property. The selfishness of man can neither restrict the influence which they exert, nor fix the boundaries of their fame. The triumphs of genius are confined to no single spot; their effects to no single age; and as the broad field of nature is the theatre of their display, so should the just tribute of praise be awarded, wherever these are known and appreciated. He who is engaged in promoting the interests of science—the diffusion of knowledge, and consequently the welfare of his fellow beings, has claims to universal gratitude. National prejudice can detract nothing from the merits of such an individual. His motives are lofty and disinterested. The unimportant distinction of American, Englishman or Frenchman, is lost in the more noble appellation of philanthropist. It is true, however, that we feel a certain degree of pride in looking around upon the genius of our own country—we feel that there is a kindred tie, which others may not so fully acknowledge; and that to us, more particularly, belong the distinction and honor attached to its worth. All this is common to our nature; but however enthusiastic may be our attachment to our own great men, we have no disposition to abate that general homage which other nations, or other individuals, are desirous of rendering to exalted intellect. Nor is it generous to cherish sentiments even of indifference, towards those, who are the leading spirits, in the grand enterprises of other countries—enterprises, which are calculated to ameliorate the condition of the ignorant and the enslaved, to renovate and exalt the character of society. It would be a species of illiberality, totally at variance with Christian philosophy; nor is it characteristic of that tone of elevated feeling, and enlightened sentiment, claimed by the spirit of the present age.

The preceding remarks, will not, I trust, be deemed inappropriate; suggested as they are, by considerations, which deserve, perhaps, a passing allusion, rather than a formal notice.

The world presents but few examples, which combine so many elements of true greatness, as are displayed in the character of the distinguished individual, whose name stands

at the head of this article. There may be many whose career is one of light and splendor; over which the sunshine of genius is thrown with softened radiance, or at times dazes by its fitful flashes. But his is a mind of a nobler cast. The grandeur of its conceptions and the energy displayed in the execution of his plans, are the best proofs of it. England may well be proud of Henry Brougham. For, however brilliant may have been that constellation of philanthropists, statesmen and philosophers, who by their united labors, have adorned "Britannia's Isle," and woven an undying glory around her name; she can now boast of one man—one master spirit, towering above every other.

"In all the proud old world beyond the deep."

No other man living, is doing so much for any country, as he is for his own. No other man is capable of so much. No other man brings to the task, patriotism more disinterested, industry more untiring, zeal more ardent and persevering.—Nor does he seem wanting in material, to accomplish any of the great objects to which his judgement directs him. His mind appears to have been subjected to the most rigid discipline, and stored with almost every species of knowledge.—He has not, like many popular blusterers of the day, treated with contempt those investigations which require severe and patient thought. A mind like Brougham's, would never shun the noble and dignified pursuit of mathematical science; but on the contrary we find him early engaged in wrestling with its difficulties and becoming master of its truths. Before he was twenty years of age, he "wrote and communicated papers on the higher geometry, to the Royal Society of London." These productions were received with marks of high commendation; and may be considered as among the first of those intellectual triumphs, which have distinguished his splendid career. About this time also, he attracted considerable attention, by an exhibition of his powers in "the arts of logical offence and defence," in a debating society at Edinburgh. Here he gave evidence of that mental discipline and far-reaching thought, which betokened his future greatness. The success which thus attended his early efforts, undoubtedly encouraged him to persevere, and spurred him on to more close and vigorous action.

The broad field of Natural Science, presented him with objects and inquiries with which his ardent love of knowledge would not allow him to remain unacquainted. With a steady hand, he has gathered up the treasures so liberally scattered around him; till his acquisitions and resources in this interesting department of human knowledge, seem to be almost inexhaustible. Few men of the present day, can compare with him in regard to profound, scientific acquirement. Let every one who wishes to be convinced of this, study the man, in the character of his productions. There he may read the most unequivocal proofs, not only of his thorough acquaintance with science in general, but with the whole range of classical learning. His essay on the "Objects, Pleasures and Advantages of Science," is certainly one of the noblest essays in the English language; and embodies, in a most clear and perspicuous manner, more solid, practical information, than is to be found in any other production of a similar character and equal length. And it is not too much to say, that time devoted to a frequent and attentive perusal of it, cannot be better employed. It is rich in variety; and the materials of the composition are such as to render it attractive, in the highest degree, to all who read for the sake of information. If any evidence were needed, to show, Brougham's minute acquaintance with the records of the past we might rely on the authority of a "learned correspondent" of the North American Review, who declares that "he seems to know the history of by-gone ages, as if he had lived in them."

The author of "Attic Fragments," in speaking of the intellectual attainments of Brougham, holds the following language. "One would suppose that he had realized the ancient Scythian fable, by killing the foremost man in every department of knowledge, and possessing himself of all their intellectual inheritances." And another writer adds—"it matters not what the subject is, however sublime or however common-place; however abstruse or however practical, Brougham knows it; and knows it completely."

If our astonishment be excited at the wonderful extent and variety of his acquisitions, we shall no less admire the hap-

py faculty, which he possesses in so pre-eminent a degree, of calling up his varied materials, and applying them on any occasion, with such singular advantage. Every thing that he wishes, seems to come forth instantaneously at his bidding, fully prepared to execute the duty assigned to it. Such a command over one's resources, it has been the good fortune of but few individuals to possess; and in contemplating it, we are forcibly reminded of what an elegant historian says of Napoleon, whose armies seemed to spring out of the earth, *at the stamp of his foot*. Such is a brief view of the means which Brougham has secured for performing any task which he undertakes.

With a mind nerved and made mighty by intense and laborious application; with a spirit bold and daring as it is sagacious and lofty; he shrinks from no duty—quails beneath no oppression; but like the ascending eagle,

"He swerves not a hair, but bears onward—right on!"

He goes forward in his career, surmounting every difficulty—sweeping before him every opposition; and crushing every obstacle beneath his giant tread. It is not particularly in the character of an orator, that we wish to view him now: although in this respect, perhaps, he stands without a rival. But we would look at him as the great champion of universal liberty—the untiring advocate, both of mental and physical freedom. We would estimate the character of the man, by his distinguished efforts for the diffusion of knowledge.

His momentous plans, conceived in his own exalted intellect and carried forward by his own indefatigable perseverance, will place his name among the noblest benefactors of mankind. The ignorance and degradation of thousands around him, offered an ample field for the display both of his characteristic philanthropy and his consummate power of execution. He accordingly has applied all the energies of his soul to the accomplishment of a work which will remain a monument of his unwearied devotion in the cause of human improvement.

"The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" in England, says a writer already quoted, "owes its origin to the suggestion of Brougham—a suggestion that may be justly ranked among those great conceptions which shed unfading glory upon a noble band of deeply thinking men of all ages." The important and beneficial results which this society is destined to effect in the character and condition of a large part of the community, where its influence is more immediately felt, may be very reasonably predicted.

That it has already been productive of much good, in diffusing the light of science around many a benighted mind, and in stirring up the slumbering energies of degraded intellect, cannot admit of doubt. Thousands upon whom its blessings shall continue to fall, will generously render the tribute of gratitude to him who may very properly be considered its illustrious Father.

If to contemplate the characters of the great and the good—if to follow them through the toilsome hour of study—to see them combat difficulty and overcome it—to watch them gathering strength from every struggle; and to find them at last far advanced in the pathway of honor and usefulness—if this be to stir up within us a corresponding impulse—an aspiration to join in these intellectual achievements, on which depend the advancement of science and the elevation of man; then the example now before us, cannot be too thoroughly studied or too closely imitated.

#### CLEANTHES.

For the Literary Journal.

#### PHRENOLOGY.

MR EDITOR.—A lecturer upon Phrenology was once heard to assert, that the only opposition the science had encountered in this country, was the "occasional discharge of a blunderbuss." Since this remark was made, some strictures have appeared in the North American Review, upon the doctrines of Phrenology, that have nettled its advocates, and have called forth an attack upon the reviewer, from the Rev. Timothy Flint, in the Knickerbocker, of which he is now the Editor.

This phrenological pop-gun, which the reverend critic aims at his adversary, with the flourish of a Kentucky rifleman, is certainly unlike a blunderbuss; since it gives not even a report. We are startled at the majestic port and su-

percilious bearing of the writer, as he poises his piece; and are prepared to see all objections to Phrenology blown to atoms, when the *flint* strikes fire. But to our disappointment, the piece flashes in the pan, for the plain reason that the writer's stock of ammunition is barely sufficient for priming.

The North American reviewer says, "whoever pretends that the human brain consists of a number of separate portions, of something like a conical form, the bases of which are next the skull, and the apexes somewhere about the *medulla oblongata*; is bound to show them. He must either dissect one or more of them fairly out; or at least point out distinctly the natural lines of separation; which are not even pretended to be shown." Mr Flint stares with apparent astonishment, at this call of the reviewer, and refers him to the *mapped head* of Spurzheim, as fully answering his requisition. As if the mere marks traced by him on a plaster cast, were equivalent to a demonstration, by dissection, of a boundary line between the pretended conical portions of the brain itself!

The lecturer first alluded to, candidly admits that there are no such lines. He endeavors to get over the difficulty, by maintaining that their existence is not necessary: and refers to another part, the spinal cord, which is endowed with the double power of transmitting both sensation and motion, offices entirely different; yet, he says, has no line of separation between the sensitive and motive part: and so, by analogy, he infers that the brain may also be divided into thirty-five separate and independent portions or organs; yet exhibit no visible line of separation.

Now a more unfortunate analogy, for his purpose, could hardly be adduced; and before he repeats this lecture, he is advised to sound the bottom of Phrenology ere he wades deeply into it, to study anatomy, and especially that of the spinal cord; before he refers to it for analogies and illustrations. Be it known then "to all whom it may concern;" and it is well known to every other lecturer on Phrenology, and to most medical men who know any thing; be it known, therefore, that the spinal cord is divisible throughout its length, into two anterior and two posterior columns; that the former are proved by experiment to be for transmitting motion, and the latter for sensation; and that in the upper part of the cord, there are besides these four columns, two lateral ones appropriated to respiration; all which are plainly marked upon the surface of the cord; and any one of the four columns can be, and often has been, proved by experiment, to possess the above mentioned power separately and independently. Now let the learned lecturer square his positions to his analogical proofs. In other words, let him show dividing lines in the brain, defining the conical or phrenological portions, as clearly as those dividing lines found in the spinal cord, and which separate its sensitive from its motive part; and when he has done this, "we will give up anti-phrenology."

One hardly knows which to admire most; the ingenuity which maintains that the brain is divided into separate and independent portions, because two German philosophers have marked the dry skull with scratches, without pretending that there is any corresponding visible line in the brain itself: or that which maintains that a plurality of organs exists, separate in function, but not in structure; and supports the position by an analogy that contradicts and overthrows it; an analogy that leads to conclusions, which, as Ex-President Adams would say, "slap the face of his premises."

\* A learned lecturer was once heard to state also, that there was a uniformity of appearance in the arrangement of the convolutions or ridges upon the surface of the brain in different heads, to such an extent at least, that Dr. Spurzheim declared that he could recognize and determine any portion which has been designated with the name of "organ," by examining its surface separately, after it was dissected out. This assertion, inclined some of the audience to believe that nothing further was wanted to prove the existence of thirty-five separate organs, as contended for by Phrenologists. I had read Dr. Spurzheim on the Brain, and remarked at the time, that the lecturer had put words into his lips which he never uttered. That this was correct, let Dr. Spurzheim decide. "I maintain," says the doctor, "that he who has studied the forms of the peripheral expansions (convolutions) of the cerebral organs, will always be able to

distinguish, in men, the organ of acquisitiveness from that of destructiveness, and that of veneration from either, as easily as an ordinary observer will distinguish the olfactory from the optic nerve." He says that in respect to most other organs, they vary in different subjects, in their external appearance, so much as not to be distinguishable from each other.

But to return to Mr Flint. "We will not," he says, "contend that Phrenology is a modern discovery; for we do not believe it to be such. We are confident that all thinking men have been Phrenologists since the creation." "The ancients certainly were, because all the busts and heads of their great men, are all admirable phrenological specimens." "We have no disposition to contend for phrenological extravagances. That disciples of this school, have uttered extravagant and untenable positions, we have no doubt."

One hardly knows what to make of these passages: The term, "Phrenology" was coined by Dr. Spurzheim as a substitute for "Craniology;" and was intended as a name for the science, the whole science, and nothing but the science, which he taught; and the basis of which, is nothing less, than that the mind is divided into thirty-five primitive faculties; each connected with and occupying as many distinct portions of the brain. If Mr Flint means that the ancients believed in, or knew, any such science, may there be a return of his senses. If he means that the ancients believed the brain to be the organ or instrument of the intellectual faculties; and that a sound, well developed instrument or brain, is essential to a healthy and vigorous exercise of its functions, he agrees with most others, even those who oppose what is legitimately termed "Phrenology."

P.

For the Literary Journal.

## RUSH'S NARRATIVE.

*Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London; by Richard Rush.*

This volume is written by a gentleman, who has attained distinction at the Bar, in the Senate, in the Cabinet and in the history of diplomacy. When the journals announced its publication, all who were acquainted with his reputation and various accomplishments, anticipated a book worthy of that reputation and of those accomplishments. It was predicted, that an American statesman, holding a polished and vigorous pen, would furnish volume rich in material, and excellent in construction—full of political wisdom, historical facts, apt illustrations of men and manners, and of the customs, opinions, and the general tone of English society. To utter the sentiment therefore, that many, if not all who have perused the volume, are disappointed, both in the material and the construction, would be correct; and yet do the author no injustice.

This work of Mr Rush, contains a pretty full account of his personal and domestic intercourse: besides a narrative of his political negotiations. It is composed chiefly of dinner-table conversations, descriptions of wagons, horses, coachmen, open squares, gardens, the weather, the climate, the dinner at Lord Castlereagh's, where the company were all in full black, for the Princess Charlotte, excepting Mrs. Rush who was dressed in white satin; "which might have been an embarrassing circumstance, had not her union of ease and dignity enabled her, after the first suffusion, to turn her misfortune into a grace;"—the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, and the private audience with the Prince Regent and Queen Charlotte, the marriage of Princess Elizabeth—the impressment of American seamen, negotiations, &c.—Here, the reader will perceive, is a strange collection. The materials and the manner in which they are put together, are too much like the gossip of the Halls, the Fidlers, and others of the same class, who pretend to give accurate descriptions of America and the Americans. Books of this character are too common at the present day; and the man who sits down, to publish familiar, dinner-table remarks, is not very profitably employed, to say the least. It seems, therefore, that Mr Rush has consumed his hours of leisure to little purpose: certainly he has added nothing to his literary reputation.

In fine, this narrative proves, that it requires something more than a distinguished statesman to write a popular and useful book. There have been two melancholy illustrations of this truth within a few months. And the fact is a singu-

lar one. Mr Rush has written well, he can write well now, beyond doubt; like a philosopher, a sensible practical man. He might have written a valuable book, one which would have conferred honor on himself and his country: but this he has not done in the present instance. P. P.

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1833.

EXCURSION OF MR AUDUBON.—The lovers of natural history, have with much interest, awaited the result of the late scientific excursion of Mr Audubon, to the North-eastern coast of America. Since his return to Boston, the principal events of his tour have been given in the papers of that city; from which we gather the following facts.

On the sixth of June, he embarked with his associates, at Eastport, Maine; and after visiting the Straits of Canso and the Madalene Islands, directed his course to Gannet Rock, which is about four hundred feet in height, and is considered by the fishermen to be inaccessible. A severe gale prevented any attempt at landing here. This rock, which has received its name from the immense number of gannets which resort thither, was so completely covered by the birds upon their nests, that it appeared to be loaded with snow. From thence, they passed the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and landed on the coast of Labrador, in the fifty-first degree of latitude. They spent a fortnight in the harbor of Little Nitashgwan, and in excursions from thence over a circuit of about forty miles. Here they discovered two new species of birds, a *Fringilla* and a *Parus*. The coast is described as a moss-covered rock; while the valleys in the interior were clothed with a rich vegetation, and presented a number of new plants, with which the adventurers were before wholly unacquainted.

They next proceeded in an easterly direction, to the harbor of Wapatiugan; and from thence, after having obtained some new plants and shells, departed for the port of Little Macatine. Here they experienced much fatigue during their excursions; and found little to reward their labors, except an opportunity of observing the wild goose in its breeding season, and of examining some rare water birds. The coast presented an appearance of great sterility, and the plants were similar to those which they had before discovered.

On leaving Little Macatine, they directed their course to the port of Brador, passing several islands, which being the resort of vast numbers of birds, are visited by people from Nova-Scotia; for the purpose of procuring eggs; and the destruction which is made not only of the eggs, but of the birds during these expeditions, is described as being incalculable. Some idea of the quantity of eggs here deposited, may be given by the fact, that one party, in about six weeks, had collected thirty-two thousand dozen.

At Brador, Mr Audubon obtained several birds, and among them, the male and female of a beautiful new species of *Fulco*. On their departure from that port, the adventurers crossed the Straits of Belle-isle, and steered along the coast of Newfoundland, until they reached St. George's Bay. Setting sail from thence, they were driven by a severe gale, some distance to the North of the Madalene Islands. When the storm abated, they directed their course towards Nova-Scotia; and at Pictou, discharged their vessel; and after exploring a part of the British provinces, embarked at Winsor, and returned to Eastport, and from thence to Boston.

During this excursion, Mr Audubon has procured materials which will increase the value of his great work on American Ornithology; and has obtained some important information respecting that department of science, to which he is so enthusiastically devoted; although at the time of his departure, it was not his expectation to be able to make any new discoveries.

## WILLIAM HOTMAN.

At New-London, Connecticut, there is a grave-stone which bears this inscription.

"On the 20th of October, 1781, four thousand English fell upon this town with fire and sword.—Seven hundred Americans defended the fort for a whole day: but in the evening, about four o'clock, it was taken.—The commander of the be-

sieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman, who immediately stabbed him: all his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort, to the sea, there to be lighted, thus to blow the fort up in the air. William Hotman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three strokes of a bayonet in his body, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends, who was still also alive, 'We will endeavor to crawl to this line: we will completely wet the powder with our blood: thus will we, with the life that remains in us, save the fort and the magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirtieth year, he died on the powder which he overflowed with his blood.—His friends, and seven of his wounded companions, by that means had their lives preserved.—Here rests William Hotman."

The perusal of this inscription has suggested the following lines.

Through an unclouded autumn sky,

The parting sunbeams fall

On the battle's wreck, which strews the ground,  
By yon low rampart wall.

There, from the morn till eventide,

A true and fearless band

With a host of the leaguering foe, have fought  
For their own loved native land.

In vain—in vain!—The flag which waved,

That shattered rampart o'er,

Hath sunk: and its folds are trampled now  
In its brave defenders' gore.

There's a blazing torch on the river's bank—

And a long, black line is seen,

Winding up the green slope—through the broken gate—  
To the open magazine.

Beside that gate, on either hand,

A group of the wounded lie;  
Cleft down by the steel of the brutal foe,

And left, in their blood, to die.

One blast from the victor's trumpet—

One spark from the torch below—

And that mound, in rent fragments and dust, to the sky,  
With the dead and the living, will go.

A white and moistened brow

Is lifted from the sod—

"Oh, for a minute's strength, to rise:  
One minute only, God!"

It cannot be: but yet,

Each dying nerve is strained:  
And he trails his limbs in agony,

Till the fatal spot is gained.

Bent o'er the sulphury line,

On his weak and quivering arm,  
He strives to brush its grains away  
With his stiff and bloody palm.

He wrings the purple drops

From his torn and reeking vest,  
To mingle with the failing stream  
From his bare and heaving breast.

His freezing eye-balls glare

Along the broken train:  
"Now, let it come!—now, let it come!  
I shall not die in vain."

On streams the flashing fire—

Up rolls the smoky cloud:  
And every pallid brow but his,  
Is down in terror bowed.

No thunder-burst is heard,

As that fearful train is fired:  
Against his scorched and blackened corpse,  
Its fury has expired.

The bright red stain lies yet

On the green, unwithered grass—  
For, the spot which that patriot blood had wet,  
The lightning could not pass!

A. G. G.

**THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.**—We perceive that a lecture is advertised to be given at the Mechanics Hall, on Friday evening next, on the French Language, particularly in reference to its pronunciation; by Mons. B. F. Bugard, who is well known to our citizens as an accomplished and successful instructor. We hope that his undertaking may meet with due encouragement. His method of teaching the principles of French pronunciation, by means of diagrams, is simple and easy of comprehension; and not only merits the attention of those who wish to acquire a thorough knowledge of that language, but also of that numerous class of individuals, who, without designing to make it a subject of regular study, wish to be sufficiently acquainted with its rules, to be able to pronounce correctly the many quotations which are found in English books, and the great number of French words which have become incorporated with our own language.

**FEDERAL ADELPHI.**—At a meeting of the Federal Adelphi, held in the chapel of Brown University, on Monday last, the following named gentlemen were elected Officers of the Society, for the ensuing year.

**President**—WILLIAM G. GODDARD.

**Vice-President**—ALBERT G. GREENE.

**Curators**—WILLIAM E. RICHMOND,

GEORGE LARNED,

JOHN H. WEEDEN.

**Corresponding Secretary**—WILLIAM H. SMITH.

**Recording Secretary**—JAMES W. COOKE.

**Treasurer**—GAMALIEL L. DWIGHT.

Hon. John Bailey was appointed Orator, and Benjamin F. Hallett, Esq., Poet, for the next anniversary.

**AMERICAN HISTORY.**—The first number of a new biographical work, entitled "Memorials of the Graduates of Harvard University," by John Farmer, Esq., of Concord, N. H., Corresponding Secretary of the N. H. Historical Society, has just been published. It contains sketches of several eminent men; and among others, of Hubbard, the early historian of New-England; Samuel Danforth, the associate of Elliot, the Apostle to the Indians; and Rev. Mr. Russel, the protector of the regicide Judges Goffe and Whalley. The work is to be completed in ten numbers. Mr. Farmer has ample materials for a highly valuable and interesting book; and is in every respect qualified to do ample justice to the task which he has undertaken.

A history of the towns of Ipswich, Hamilton and Essex, Mass., is in preparation by Rev. J. B. Felt, of Hamilton.

**THE PEARL.**—We have received the first number of "The Pearl, or Literary Gazette," a continuation of the Bouquet, published at Hartford Com. It is under the direction of Mr. Isaac C. Pray, Jr., late editor of the "Shrine," published at Amherst College. It is to be issued semi-monthly, on a royal sheet. The present number is a beautiful specimen of typography. From the ability and good taste which Mr. Pray has already exhibited as an editor, we have no doubt of his success.

During a late search among the papers in our City Clerk's office, a manuscript was discovered containing the following curious verses, which by the allusions they contain, appear to have been written in answer to a poetical communication in an almanac; which however, on examination of the almanacs of 1698, we have been unable to find. As the lines may afford amusement to some of our readers, we give them an insertion. They are entitled,

#### THE COLLEGE FERULA, BEING A REPLY TO THE "COUNTRYMAN'S APOCRYPHA."

Most learned academics; have your gowns  
And college taught you to abuse the clowns  
In empty rhymes, trussed to an Almanac,  
Like Tom Thumb bound on Erra Pater's back?  
The devil, when at Delphos he did dwell,  
And cheated men to death, did use to sell  
His mind, in speeches of a double sense;  
Yet, there, was often wit and eloquence.  
They that at Harvard now the trade do drive,  
For penny oracles, would keep alive.  
Those Grecian cheats, but cannot imitate  
The wit and language; yet equivocate  
As fast as ho.—Like heathen jugglers, they

At hocus-pocus with the stars can play.  
What will they sport with next? sure, they will creep  
Behind this glorious curtain, and ho-peep  
With sacred mysteries: or, if they grow  
More modest, they will jeer the powers below.  
These are grave sophisters, that are in schools,  
So wise, they think their aged fathers *fools*,  
That plough and cart: and such they *seem*, indeed,  
Or else they would not work so hard, to breed  
Their boys to flout them. But I cannot stay  
Foddering of asses thus: I must away,  
And give my sheep their breakfast; who, I fear  
Wait at the stack, while I make *verses* here.

SAMUEL BAILEY,

TO JOHN WHIPPLE.

March 1st, 1698.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of T. G. B. have been received; but were to late for this number; as our columns were nearly filled before these came to hand. The Commencement article is well written, but would have been rather behind the time, even had we been able to have published it this week. The essay on Genius, shall appear in our next.

"The Hour of Death," has also been unavoidably postponed; and is on file for insertion.

**NOTE.**—We have already observed, that as two of those pages of the Journal which are devoted to communications, are necessarily printed early in the week; our correspondents will confer a favor by sending their articles as soon after each publication day as possible. When a communication is of much length, it is not in our power to insure its insertion in the next number, unless it is received as early as the Monday previous.

**THE WORK OF CREATION.**—The following eloquent passage is extracted from a sermon, by Rev. J. Johns.

"There it was moving, a bright and beautiful world, where of late there had been nothing but the "blackness of darkness." There it was, travelling on its everlasting pathway, in the freshness of its prime, and sparkling yet with the dews of its morning glory. Not a cloud had as yet gone up to darken the sky; not a blight had passed over the new-born flowers; not a leaf had fallen from the glorious trees, which stood where they had risen at the word of God. There lay the infant ocean, smiling, as it were, in its cradle, with its world of bright waters dancing and flashing in the sunbeams, which had never known a mist or a cloud. Its boundaries were then marked by a thousand beautiful regions, which were blotted out and buried by the waters of the deluge.—Land and sea were alike tenanted with living creatures, that as yet were strangers in their own bright world, enjoying the happy life which they had just received from the breath of the Creator. Among them were creatures of giant strength, and of surpassing beauty, of which, in many cases, there are no remains; or of which the bones, preserved in the caverns of the earth, or imbedded in the petrified slime of the flood, speak faintly to us, of the powerful and magnificent creatures, which now only exist in the remembrance of Him who made them. Then, however, they walked the earth in all their beauty and their glory. Myriads of living creatures were sporting in the shining seas; the unpolluted rivers were teeming with joyous life; every field was covered with herbage, and every bank with flowers, yet green and glowing from the hand of their Maker; and every wood resounded with the songs of the tuneful strangers, who sung as if they could not die. All this, was bright and happy; but as yet we have made no reference to the master-work of all. Had the work of creation terminated at the fifth—or even at the early part of the sixth and closing day—the eye of the Maker would have dwelt upon a creation that was beautiful, comparatively vain, and the angels might have looked with wonder upon the splendid desert, of which the occupants were so unequal to their dwelling, and in which there was no creature that could lift a thought to its God. It was, therefore, over the paradise of Eden, that the eye of God lingered with the divinest joy. It was there he beheld the youngest child of his love. It was there he beheld the noblest creature of his power. Under the shadows of those immortal trees, by the sacred water of the river Eden, He saw the first ancestors of a new race of beings, who were alone capable of holding communion with their Deity, in the sanctuary yet so radiant and unpoluted."

**MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.**—It is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much may be done by encouraging children; when they do well, be even more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of the parent. And hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child.

There are two great motives influencing human actions: hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending. If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well and is always censoring when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that there is no use in trying to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting. At last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of a child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart, some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been through the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep, you take his hand, and say, "My son, you have been a very good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves little children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward.—And when with a more than ordinary affectionate tone, you say, "good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.

**THE MOON.**—Telescopes must yet be greatly improved before we can expect to see signs of inhabitants, as manifested by edifices or by changes on the surface of the soil. It should however, be observed, that owing to the small density of the materials of the moon, and the comparatively feeble gravitation of bodies on her surface, muscular force would go six times as far in overcoming the weight of materials on the earth. Owing to the want of air, however, it seems impossible that any form of life analogous to those on earth can subsist there. No appearances indicating vegetation, or the slightest variation of surface which can be fairly ascribed to change of season, can any where be discerned.—Sir John Herschel.

**THE FIRST FIRE IN BOSTON.**—March 16th, 1698, about noon, the chimney of Mr Thomas Sharp's house in Boston, takes fire, and taking the thatch, burns it down; and the wind being N. W. drives the fire to Mr Colbron's house, some rods off, and burns that down also. Which houses, as good and as well furnished as the most in the Plantation, are in two hours burned to the ground, with much of their household stuff, apparel, and other things. For prevention whereof in our new town, intended to be built this Summer, we have ordered, that no man there shall build his chimney with wood, nor cover his house with thatch; which was readily assented to.—Bostonian.

**ALLUREMENT.**—A Paris paper gives the "announce" of a tiger in a menagerie lately arrived in that capital, in the following attractive terms:—"This tiger is perhaps the most extraordinary destructive animal that ever was known. He has forced his way into cottages, in every direction bordering on the great African Desert, carrying off by wholesale, man, woman and child. On his subsequent travels, he has devoured savans, public functionaries, and officers of every rank, from a simple Croix de St Louis, up to a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour."

Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity; and power a phantom: but knowledge is extatic in enjoyment—perennial in fame—unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. \* \* \* In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger—spares no expense—omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks in the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—enriches the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distant—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted for its reach.—Clinton

**CHAMPAGNE.**—This celebrated wine is indebted for its characteristic properties to the presence of carbonic acid.—It produces rapid intoxication, in consequence of the alcohol, which is suspended in, or combined with, this gas, being thus applied in a sudden and very divided state to a larger extent of nervous surface: for the same reason its effects are as transitory as it is sudden.

**SHERBET.**—It is not generally known that this beverage, so often mentioned with praise in Arabic poetry, is neither more nor less than a decoction of oatmeal and sugar, seasoned when cold with rose water.

Neither beg of him who has been a beggar, nor serve him who has been a servant.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

## HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.  
BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Besides the Rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides, and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of love-light blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blane!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!  
Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,  
Yea with my Life and Life's own secret Joy:  
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!  
O struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:  
Companion of the Morning-Star is dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn.  
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
Who sunk thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?  
Why gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded (and the silence came,)  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines, slope amain—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven  
Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?  
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall, shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—  
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou  
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,  
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
Thou kingly Spirit thronged among the hills,  
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

From the New-England Magazine.

## ON A BROKEN VASE.

BY MRS. BIGOURNEY.

Chink!—Chink!—so there thou art,  
Broken upon the sidewalk, crystal, Vase!  
In brilliant fragments. "T is a pity, sure,  
That aught so beautiful, were slightly held.  
Thus at the open casement,—and I fain  
With woman's prying augury, would divine  
Thy history.

Wert thou a lover's gift?  
Or parting present to some fair young bride,  
Who 'mid her wedding-costume, nicely packed  
Thee in soft cotton, 'gainst the jarring wheel?  
And when exalted in her new abode,  
On parlor mantel, gemmed with breathing flowers,  
Fixed not her eye in reverie on thy form,  
While thought roved fondly to her father's house,  
And her young fair-haired sisters?

But what hand  
Of careless servant, or of petted child,  
Or luckless friend, such mournful ruin wrought?  
Methinks I see their brow with sadness pale,  
As measuring thy value with their purse,  
They shrink from restitution.

"T is in vain!  
Ye may not join these fragments; or cement  
Their rugged chasms.

But yet there's many a crush  
Of costlier things, for which the hand of earth  
Can boast no medication. He, who hangs  
His all of happiness on Beauty's smile,  
And in that strong illusion, treads o'er thorns  
Unconsciously, and climbs the rocky steep  
Impervious to fatigue, hath sometimes seen  
The dying dolphin's brightness at his feet,  
And found it was the bubble of his hope,  
Disparting like the rainbow.

He who runs  
Ambition's race, and on his compeers, treads  
With fevered eagerness to grasp the goal,  
May find the gilded prize, like waxen toy,  
Melt in the passion-struggle.

He who toils  
Each lonely midnight o'er his waning lamp;  
And on the anvil beats the gold of thought,  
Till his brains dazzle, and his eye turns dim,  
Then spreads it with a flush of proud delight  
To the cold-bosomed public,—oft perceives  
Each to his farm and merchandize speed on,  
Regardless of his wisdom,—or doth hear  
The giant hammer of harsh criticism  
Grinding his ore to powder,—finer far  
Then the strewn sand of Congo's yellow stream.  
—Yea,—mid time's passing pilgrims, many a one  
Of some long-sought possession newly proud,  
Doth like the Patriarch, vainly joy to find  
His seven years toil for Rachel, blest at last,—  
But when the hour of keen inquiry comes,  
Behold,—'t is Leah.

So,—farewell poor Vase!  
I thank thee for this lesson from thy dust,  
So meekly warning the fond heart, to seek  
Some bliss that may not break,—some treasure—hoard,  
Above the wrecking ministry of earth.

## THE WATER LILY.

BY MRS. REMANS.

Oh! beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!  
Crowning the depths, as with the light screne  
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave!  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
Dwelt in thy cell.

Lifting alike thy head  
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread,  
The waters be.

What is like ther, fair flower,  
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up  
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,  
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast  
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,  
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith  
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light,  
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,  
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, linked with such high thoughts,  
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!  
Till something there of its own purity  
And peace be wrought.

Something yet more divine  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre, shed  
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,  
As from a shrine.

**ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.**—It was the custom of Sterne to be very fastidious about his dress, when he wished to go on with any of his literary performances, which, though apparently so easy, were the result of care: when he was ill-dressed, he found that his thoughts were slovenly and ill-arranged. Hayden, also used to dress himself with particular care, before he sat down to compose; unless his hair was properly powdered and he had his best coat on, he could not command his ideas; he even used to say, that if he began to write without his diamond ring on his finger, (the gift of the Emperor Frederick) he could not get on: and he never could write music on any thing but the finest paper. It is related of Gluck, that he composed in a meadow, having his piano transported thither. Sart, preferred the mysterious gloom of a large apartment, feebly lighted by a single lamp; and Cimarosi composed many parts of his lively opera of the Matrimonio Segreto, as well as some others of his works, in the midst of noisy parties. Pasquillo composed, as Brindly the engineer, meditated about canals, in bed; and Sacchini, was not inspired, unless his favorite cats were sitting on his shoulders. Lord Bacon is said to have delighted to sooth his mind with beautiful flowers around him, and sweet music playing in the adjoining room. It is related of the celebrated M. Dunning, that whenever he wished to shine in a speech or in society, he used to put on a blister. Curran used to prepare for exertion in a great cause, by playing wild and extemporaneous airs on the violincello. It is said, that the composition of his eloquent sermons so excited the mind of the celebrated Bourdaloue, that he would have been unable to deliver them, but for the means he discovered of allaying the excitement. His attendants, were, one day, both scandalized and alarmed, on proceeding to his apartment, for the purpose of accompanying him to the cathedral, by hearing the sound of a fiddle, playing a very lively tune. After their first consternation, they ventured to look through a key hole; and were still more shocked to behold the great divine, dancing about, without his gown and canonicals, to his inspiring music—of course, they concluded him to be mad. But when they knocked, the music ceased, and after a short and anxious interval, he met them with a composed air and manner; and observing some signs of astonishment in the party, explained to them, that without his music and exercise, he should have been unable to undertake the duties of the day.

**MENTAL RESERVATION.**—Although the lower orders of the Irish are famous for a species of ready wit, mingling volatility and a rich vein of humor, they are no less marked by quaintness of expression and mental reservation, calculated to gain time, evade inquiry, or having that brought home to them which they wish to avoid: of this last complexion, is Shelish's answer to a country Magistrate: "What's gone of your husband, Shelah?" "What's gone of him, your honor's Worship; faith an he's gone dead." "Ay, pray what did he die of?" "Die of, your honor, he died of a Tuesday." "I don't mean the day, but the complaint?"—"Oh! complaint, your Honor; faith and its himself did not get time to complain." "Oh! ho! aye, he died suddenly?" "Rather that way, your Worship." "Did he fall down in a fit?" (No answer from Shelah.) "He fell down in a fit, perhaps?" "A fit, your Honor's Worship; why, no, not exactly that—he fell out of a window, or a door, I do n't know what they call it." "Aye, aye, and he broke his neck?" "No; not quite that your Worship." "What then?" "There was a bit of a string, or cord, or that like, and—it throttled poor Mick." "And pray for what did he suffer?" "Suffer, your Worship, (weeping) faith, only for embellishing (embezzling) a trifle that he taught was his own; but his master said it was not, and so they swore away his precious life, and that's all, for Mick's as innocent as the babe unborn."

A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue. Variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.

A conceit of knowledge is the greatest enemy to knowledge, and the greatest argument of ignorance.

We are never well informed of the truth, until we are conformed to the truth.

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